Enter Syr Hugh and Simple.

Sir Hu. I pray you do so much as see if you can (espie
Doctor *Cayus* comming, and giue me intelligence,
Or bring me vrde if you please now.

Sim. I will Sir.

Sir Hu. Ieshu ples mee, how my hart trobes, and (trobes,
And then she made him bedes of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poses,
To shallow riueres. Now so kad vdge me, my hart
Swelles more and more. Mee thinkes I can cry
Verie well. There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,
To shallow riuers and to falles,
Melodious birds sing Madrigalles.

Sim. Sir here is M. *Page*, and M. *Shallow*,
Comming hither as fast as they can. (sword,

Sir Hu. Then it is verie necessary I put vp my
Pray giue me my cowne too, marke you.

Enter Page, shallow, and Slender.

Pa. God saue you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. God saue you M. parson. (now.

Sir Hu. God plesse you all from his mercies sake

Pa. What the word and the sword, doth that agree well?

Sir Hu. There is reasons and causes in all things, I warrant you now.

Pa. Well Sir *Hugh*, we are come to craue
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.

Sir Hu. What is I pray you?

Pa. Ifaith tis this sir *Hugh*. There is an auncient friend of ours, a man of verie good sort, so at oddes with

with one patience, that I am sure you would hartily grieue to see him. Now Sir *Hugh*, you are a scholler well red, and verie perswasiue, we would intreate you to see if you could intreat him to patience.

Sir Hu. I pray you who is it? Let vs know that.

Pa. I am shure you know him, tis Doctor *Cayus*.

Sir Hu. I had as leeue you should tel me of a messe
He is an arant lowsie beggerly knaue: (of poredge,
And he is a coward beside.

Pa. Why Ile laie my life tis the man
That he should fight withall.

Enter Doctor and the Host, they offer to fight.

Shal. Keep them asunder, take away their weapons.

Host. Disarme, let them question. (pons.

Shal. Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack our English.

Doc. Hark van vrd in your eare. You be vn daga
And de Iack, coward preest.

Sir Hu. Harke you, let vs not be laughing stockes to other mens humors. By Ieshu I will knock your vrinalls about your knaues cockcomes, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Doc. O Ieshu mine host of de garter, *Iohn Rogoby*,
Haue I not met him at de place he make a point,
Haue I not?

Sir Hu. So kad vdge me, this is the pointment
Witnes by my Host of the garter. (place,

Host. Peace I say gawle and gawlia, French and
Soule curer, and bodie curer. (Welch,

Doc. This is verie braue, excellent.

Host. Peace I say, heare mine host of the garter,

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